



MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP

2¢ 174
ND. NOV

MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!



DOCTOR STRANGE



THE
POWER
AND THE
PENBULUM

DR. STRANGE FACES HIS
MOST SPINE-CHILLING
CHALLENGE, AIDED AND
ABETTED ONLY BY:

STAN LEE,
EDITOR!

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WRITER!

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ARTIST!

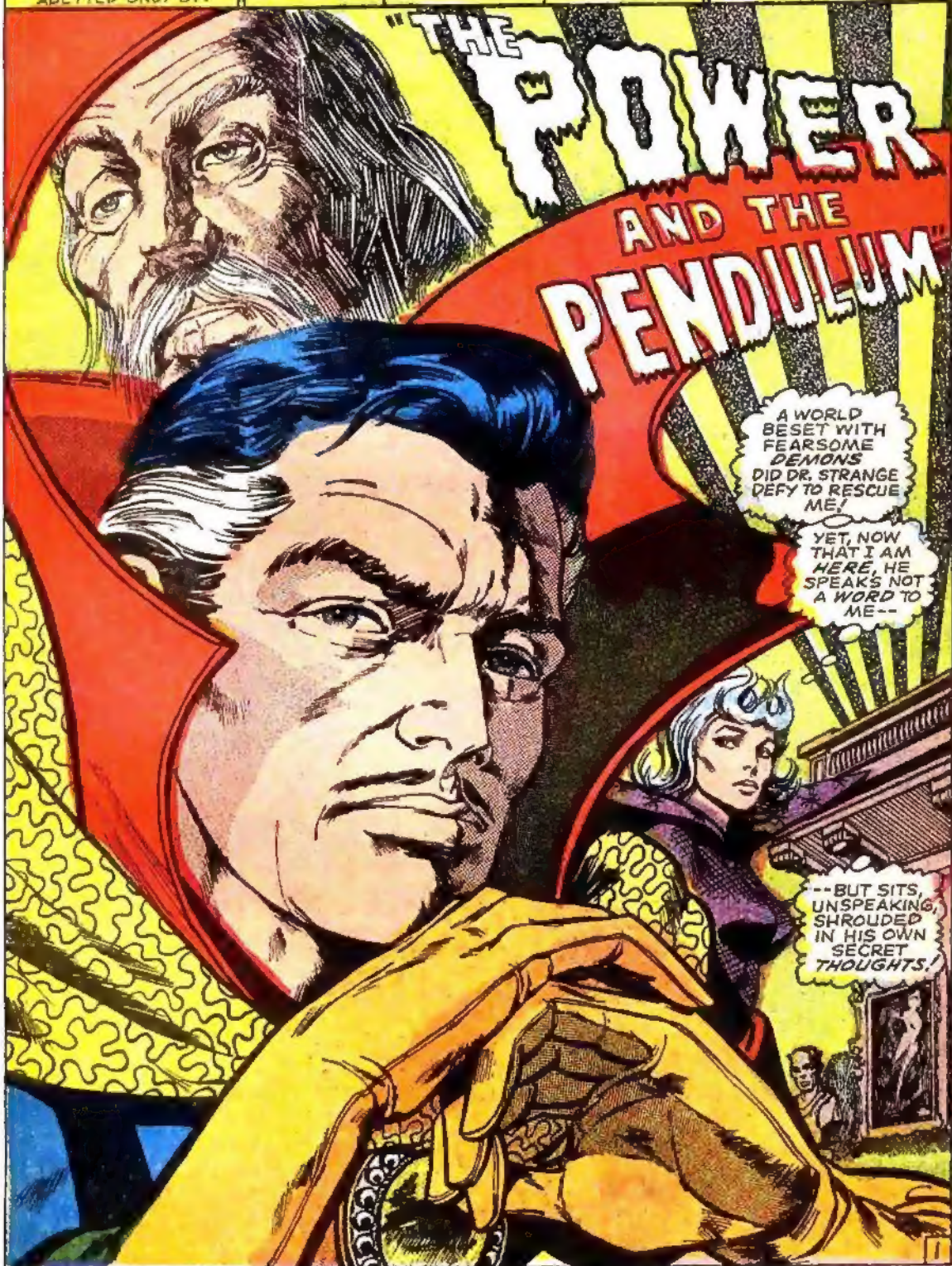
(WITH A SLIGHT ASSIST FROM
TOM PALMER, INKER,
+ ARTIE SIMKE, LETTERER!)

"THE POWER AND THE PENDULUM"

A WORLD
BESET WITH
FEARSOME
DEMONS
DID DR. STRANGE
DEFY TO RESCUE
ME!

YET, NOW
THAT I AM
HERE, HE
SPEAKS NOT
A WORD TO
ME--

--BUT SITS,
UNSPEAKING,
SHROUDED
IN HIS OWN
SECRET
THOUGHTS!



HOWEVER, IF THE BEAUTEIOUS MYSTIC MAID BUT KNEW THE TRUE NATURE OF THAT APPARENT BROODING...

BUT, FORGET NOT THAT SHE CAN NEVER RETURN TO HER OWN LONG-CONQUERED DIMENSION...

--NOT WHILE DORMAMMU YET STALKS THE BYWAYS BETWEEN THE WORLDS!

YOU WERE WISE TO BRING CLEA TO OUR SPHERE, MY SON,

FROM FAR-OFF TIBET, MY AGED MENTOR CONFIRMS WHAT--IN MY HEART--I KNEW!

THEN, THERE IS ONLY ONE COURSE OF ACTION I MAY PURSUE, FOR THE PRESENT--!

CLEA, WE MUST FIND A DWELLING-PLACE FOR YOU!

SOMEWHERE THAT YOU SHALL BE SAFE, WHILE YOU SOJOURN HERE ON EARTH...

...AND YET, BE FREE TO BUILD A NEW LIFE FOR YOURSELF!

NOTHING WOULD PLEASE ME MORE, MY BELOVED!

I HAVE WRONGED HIM!

HIS KNITTED BROW... HIS DEEP CONCERN... WERE FOR MY WELL-BEING!

WHILE, IN THE DARKNESS NEARBY, STANDS VICTORIA BENTLEY...

I WOULD HAVE BRAVED A THOUSAND REALMS UNKNOWN...

...TO HAVE BEEN THUS THE OBJECT OF HIS ATTENTION!



YET, HIS EVERY THOUGHT IS ONLY FOR THE SILVER-TRESSED CLEA...

WHILE I STAND MERELY IN THE SHADOW OF HIS LOVE!

AND, THAT'S HOW IT WILL ALWAYS BE!

BEFORE WE GO, THERE IS ONE MATTER THAT MUST BE ATTENDED TO!

WONG!



...AND ALREADY, WHILE YOU HAVE MUSED AWAY THE HOURS, I HAVE ACQUIRED SEVERAL EVERYDAY GARMENTS FOR MISS CLEA!

I HUMBLY HOPE THAT SHE WILL LOOK WITH FAVOR UPON THEM!

SHE IS, I TRUST, A SIZE 7?

AT TIMES, FRIEND WONG, I AM UNSURE AS TO WHICH OF US IS TRULY THE WORKER OF MAGIC!



I AM HERE, MASTER...THOUGH PERHAPS YOUR EYES SEE NOTHING EXCEPT OUR LOVELY GUEST!

ENOUGH, FAITHFUL ONE!

CLEA WILL NEED CLOTHES, AFTER I FIND HER A SUITABLE APARTMENT!

I ANTICIPATED YOUR DESIRES, MASTER...



A SHORT TIME LATER, AFTER SUITABLE ACCOMMODATIONS HAVE BEEN ARRANGED VIA TELEPHONE...

IT IS BUT A SHORT WALK TO YOUR LODGINGS, SO THAT YOU NEED NOT FEAR--

EH? I HOPED THIS BYROAD WOULD BE DESERTED...

OH WOW... DIG THE WIGGED-OUT THREADS ON THAT TWOSOME!

AND THAT GUY'S GOT LOVE-BEADS THAT JUST WON'T QUIT!

IGNORE THEIR BANAL CLAMOR, FAIR ONE!

IT WOULD DRIVE THE DREAD DORMAMMU HIMSELF TO THE ABYSS OF DISTRACTION!



THEN, AS THE SHIMMERING WHIRLPOOL OF INCANDESCENCE FADES INTO THE NIGHT AIR...

THAT DAME!

I DON'T KNOW HOW--BUT SHE ZAPPED OUR TRUCK--

--AND IT CLEAN DISAPPEARED!

WHAT ARE YOU, LADY... SOME KIND OF A WITCH??

YOU DARE CALL ME SUCH? I'LL--

NO!

WE MUST **EDGE** AWAY, BEFORE-- **NO USE!**

THEY'RE **RUSHING** US--LIKE MADDENED HOUNDS!

SHE'S GOTTA BE A WITCH!

THAT'S THE ONLY ANSWER!

GRAB 'ER...AND THAT WEIRDO WITH 'ER!

DOWN THIS ALLEYWAY CLEA...

...WHERE THE DARKNESS WILL SHIELD WHAT I MUST DO!

WHY MUST WE FEAR TWO LONE MORTALS?

IT IS NOT THAT I AM AFRAID OF THEM, FAIR ONE...

IT IS MERELY, TO USE THEIR OWN PHRASE...

...THAT I DON'T WISH TO GET INVOLVED!

THEN, AS THE LEVITATING SORCERER MAKES AN ARCAIC GESTURE... MURMURS AN ARCHAIC PHRASE...

WHAT THE SAM HILL?

CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER...

...WHY WE WERE RUNNIN' JUST NOW...

THEN, LET'S CAN IT, CHARLIE--

AN' GET BACK TO THE TRUCK!*

*WHICH, BY THE BYE, WAS SAFELY WAITING FOR THEM! --LEAVE-NO-LOOSE- ENDS LEE.

SOON, IN A LUXURIOUS BUILDING NOT FAR AWAY...

THESE LODGINGS ARE MUCH TO MY LIKING!

BUT, WHY DID YOU NOT WISH ME TO USE MY POWERS AGAINST THOSE IRKSOME ONES?

BECAUSE MANKIND IS PRONE TO PANIC... TO FEAR AND HATE THAT WHICH IT CAN-NOT COMPREHEND!

NOR COULD YOUR FEW POWERS PROTECT YOU FOR LONG AGAINST THE SINISTER SPECTRE OF MOB VIOLENCE!

BESIDES, IT WOULD COMPLICATE MY MISSION TO--

HOLD! THIS MESSAGE FROM THE DESK!

WONG PHONED AHEAD...TO TELL ME OF A CERTAIN TELEGRAM...

AND, HE FEELS IT MAY BE MOST URGENT!

I MUST GO...BUT WONG WILL CARE FOR YOU UNTIL I RETURN!

AND NOW, UNLESS THERE BE SOMETHING I HAVE FORGOTTEN--

THERE IS, MY RETICENT RESCUER!

AN EARTHLY CUSTOM... ONE WHICH HAS LONG INTRIGUED ME...



A SHORT
TIME
LATER...

MUST NOT LET ON HOW
CONCERNED I AM ABOUT
THAT TELEGRAM I RECEIVED!

GLAD TO BE
RETURNING TO
ENGLAND,
VICTORIA?

OH YES...
THOUGH
IT'S BEEN
ONLY A FEW
DAYS SINCE
I WAS THERE!

AND, SINCE
YOU SAY
YOU'RE GOING
THERE AT THE
SAME TIME...

...I DON'T EVEN
MIND THAT
WE'RE GOING BY
PLANE, RATHER
THAN BY MYSTICAL
SPACE-WARP!

HOW MUCH
DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT THE
MAN WHO
CONTACTED
ME,
VICTORIA?

--ABOUT THE
MAN CALLED...
LORD
NEKRON?

VERY LITTLE,
I'M AFRAID...
EXCEPT THAT HE
IS DESCENDED
FROM ROYALTY
ON THE CONTINENT!

CAN YOU
IMAGINE
WHY HE
SHOULD
HAVE
SUMMONED
YOU SO
MYSTERI-
OUSLY?

DR.
STRANGE?

MY...
APOLOGIES!

FOR A MOMENT,
I BECAME LOST
IN THOUGHT!

SOMEHOW, I FELT
INSTINCTIVELY THAT I
SHOULD JOURNEY HERE
BY PLANE-- THUS
CONSERVING ALL
MY MYSTIC MIGHT!

BUT--FOR WHAT??

EVEN HERE,
HIS MIND
EVER STRAYS
...TO CLEA!

HE'LL
NEVER
BE MINE...
NEVER!

THERE,
DOCTOR,
IS THE
PLACE WE
SEEK!

I KNOW THAT, NOWADAYS,
FEMININE INTUITION IS
CONSIDERED NOTHING
BUT A CHILDISH MYTH!

AND YET,
I CAN'T HELP
FEELING
THAT WE'RE
WALKING
INTO THE
JAWS OF
DANGER!

STILL, IT'S
ONLY AN
OLD CASTLE,
ISN'T IT?

DO NOT
TOTALLY
DISCOUNT
YOUR
INSTINCTIVE
FEARS,
VICTORIA...

...UNTIL
WE LEARN
WHAT
AWAITS US
BEHIND
THOSE
FOREBODING,
TIME-WORN
STONES!

AH...MY
GUEST OF
HONOR
APPEARS
TO HAVE
ARRIVED!

YET, HE
BRINGS
SOMEONE
WITH
HIM...
A GIRL!

NO
MATTER!

THERE IS
ROOM FOR
ALL WITHIN
THE WALLS
OF CASTLE
NEKRON!

I WOULD HAVE FELT
BETTER, VICTORIA, IF
YOU HAD GONE STRAIGHT
TO YOUR OWN COUNTRY
ESTATE!

STILL, PERHAPS
MY FEARS...AND
YOUR OWN...ARE
MERELY EMPTY
PHANTOMS OF
THE MIND!

NOK!
NOK!

AT ANY
RATE, WE
SHALL
KNOW
SOON
ENOUGH...!

AH...DR. STRANGE,
I PRESUME!

MAY I INTRODUCE,
MY LORD, MISS
VICTORY BENTLEY!

WELCOME...
WELCOME
TO THE
HUMBLE
ABODE
OF LORD
NEKRON!

BUT, I'M
AFRAID I
DO NOT
RECOGNIZE
THE
YOUNG
LADY...!

AND NOW,
ABOUT THIS
URGENT
MATTER
YOU
DESIRED
TO
DISCUSS
WITH
ME--!

IN GOOD
TIME, MY
DEAR
DOCTOR...
IN GOOD
TIME!

FIRST, I MUST
OFFER YOU THE
HOSPITALITY OF
MY HOME AFTER
YOUR LONG,
JOURNEY...!

ERE LONG, IN THE SECRETLY YET SUMPTUOUSLY PREPARED BANQUET HALL OF THE CASTLE NEKRON...

"SO YOU SEE, DR. STRANGE, THOUGH THE WITLESS MASSES BE IGNORANT OF THE FACT..."

I KNOW THAT YOU ARE ESTEEMED FIRST OF THOSE WHO PRACTICE THE MYSTIC ARTS!

FOR, I TOO AM A DABBLER IN THE REALM OF THE OCCULT!

DABBLER? DR. STRANGE IS NO--

ENOUGH, VICTORIA!

I SEE, LORD NEKRON, THAT YOU ARE NO MAN TO MINCE WORDS!

THEN, MAY I ASK WHY YOU SENT FOR ME--

--WHY YOU ASKED THAT I WEAR MY SORCERER'S GARB?

I WAS JUST GETTING TO THAT, MY FRIEND!

BUT FIRST, LET ME PROPOSE A TOAST--

A TOAST TO LIFE WITHOUT END...

...AND TO THE DARK-DWELLING POWERS WHICH HAVE SUCH LIFE TO DISPENSE!



YOUR CUP IS STILL FULL,
MY DEAR DOCTOR!

DID YOU FIND MY
LITTLE TOAST
OFFENSIVE TO
YOUR EARS?

ONLY ONE
SHOULD HOLD
THE AWESOME
POWER OF LIFE
AND DEATH,
AND THAT ONE--

BUT, HAVE NO FEAR
FOR HER SAFETY,
MY GOOD MAN!

RATHER, HAVE
FEAR FOR...
YOUR OWN!

AY
NEKRON!

VICTORIA...
WHAT'S WRONG?
YOU SEEM...
SO SUDDENLY
PALE...

I...FEEL
FAINT!
I--

THAT
DRINK...!

QUITE
PERCEPTIVE,
YOUR YOUNG
LADY!

IT WAS,
INDEED,
DRUGGED!

AH...ONCE
MORE I
HAVE YOUR
ENRAPT
ATTENTION!

THEN LISTEN...
TO THE TALE OF
ONE WHO HAS
WALKED THE
PATHS TROD BY
THE DEAD
THEMSELVES!

"IT WAS A YEAR AGO
...TO THE VERY DAY...
THAT MY DECADES
OF SECRET, SINISTER
STUDIES FINALLY
LED ME TO A CON-
FRONTATION WITH
THE MOST POWERFUL
MYSTIC ENTITY OF
ALL--"

"...THE SUPREME
SATANNISH
HIMSELF!"

RISE,
MORTAL!

FOR, YOU HAVE
VENTURED MUCH
IN DARING TO
FACE ME--HERE,
IN THE WORLD
BETWEEN THE
WORLDS!

ASK YOUR
HEART'S
DESIRE--
AND PERHAPS
SATANNISH
MAY GRANT
IT!

ONLY LIFE
AND FAME
MEAN
AUGHT TO
ME,
SUPREME
ONE!

GRANT ME,
THEREFORE,
THE TWIN GIFTS
OF ETERNAL
FAME--AND
IMMORTAL LIFE!!

YOU REQUEST MORE THAN I AM
EAGER TO BESTOW, BRAZEN ONE!

THUS, I SHALL OFFER
YOU A BARGAIN,
NEKROH--BIZARRE,
YET NOT UNHEARD-
OF!

THEN THE FAME AND END-
LESS LIFE YOU SEEK
SHALL BE EVER YOURS!

WELL, HOW
SAY YOU,
MORTAL?

CALL ME MORTAL
NO LONGER,
SUPREME ONE!

FOR THE
PERIOD OF
ONE YEAR, I
INCREASE
YOUR OCCULT
POWERS--DAY
BY DAY!

AND IF
I DO, O
SATANNISH!

BUT, AT THE
END OF THAT
BRIEF SPAN,
YOUR DARK,
BROODING SOUL
MUST BE
FOREVER MINE--

FOR,
WITHIN
THE YEAR,
I SHALL
BE AS ONE
WITH THE
GODS!

--UNLESS YOU
FIND A MORTAL
MYSTIC WHO
IS WILLING TO
TAKE YOUR
PLACE!

I ACCEPT
YOUR
TERMS!

AND SO, I
HAVE WAITED,
STRANGE...BIDED
MY TIME!

AND
IF I
DO??

--UNTIL THE FINAL
HOUR OF MY
ALLOTTED YEAR...
WHEN MY POWERS
ARE NOW AT THEIR
HEIGHTS!

FOR, YOU SHALL
REPLACE ME...AS
THE UNHOLY
PRIZE OF
SATANNISH!

AH...YOU'VE
DISCOVERED
YOUR HELP-
LESSNESS,
HAVE YOU?

YOU AVOIDED
THE DRUG I
PLACED IN YOUR
DRINK...WHICH
WOULD HAVE
SAPPED YOUR
WILL!

BUT, NO
MATTER!

FOR, I
HAVE OTHER
MEANS AT
MY
DISPOSAL...

MEANS THAT SHALL
MAKE YOU BEG FOR
EVEN THE RELATIVE
MERCY OF
SATANNISH!

MY
SENSES
ARE
REELING...
AS IF SPELL-
BOUND!

YET, NOW...
WHEN I
EVADED
YOUR
LIQUID
TRAP--P

YOU'RE--
MAD!!

MUST...
CAST A
SPELL...
BUT, I
CAN'T
MOVE....

FOOL! YOU STAND
WITHIN A FAR
GREATER PERIL!

ONE WHOSE
FOUR WALLS
ARE THE
MOST DEADLY
TRAP OF ALL!

AN
ASTUTE
ANALYSIS,
MY DEAR
DOCTOR!

AND NOW--
FAREWELL!

TOO
LATE
STRANGE!

THEN, THE
CASTLE
ITSELF--WAS
SPELLBOUND!

WHEN I
ENTERED IT--
THE TRAP WAS
SPRUNG!

FADING
AWAY--!
MUST--
REVERSE
THE SPELL--
SOMEHOW--!

EVEN
NOW, YOU
VANISH
FROM
SIGHT--

--TO BE
SEEN BY
MORTAL
EYES--
NEVER--
MORE!

WHAT
PLACE
IS THIS?

SOME DARK,
DISMAL
LABYRINTH--
AS BLACK AS
NEKRON'S
CRAVEN
SOUL!

NOW,
THERE
SEEMS
NOTHING
ABOUT ME
THAT IS
REAL--

NOT EVEN
THE
STYGIAN
DARKNESS
THAT
SURROUNDS
ME!

A
MOMENT
AGO, I
STOOD IN
A WORLD
OF SOLID
STEEL
AND
STONE!



BUT, AT LEAST I AM NOW
FREE OF MY FOE'S DECEITFUL
SPELL, AND--WAIT!

SPARKLING
LIGHTS
APPEAR
BENEATH MY
VERY FEET--
GUIDING
MY WAY!

AND, I CAN
SENSE THAT
I APPROACH
THE END OF
THIS EERIE
CORRIDOR!

SHALL I
FIND THERE
A HAVEN OF
SAFETY,
OR--?

'TIS BEYOND
MY WILDEST
IMAGININGS!

NO MERE
PHYSICAL
PORTAL
HAVE I
PASSED
THRU--

BUT A
DOORWAY
INTO YET
ANOTHER
BLEAK
DIMENSION...

ONE WHERE
MAMMOTH
CLOCKS DO
BESPEAK
THAT TIME
AND SPACE
ARE AS ONE!

AND NEKRON...
WHERE IN YON
VAPOROUS VOID
STANDS NEKRON?

"LOOK BENEATH
YOUR FEET,
DOLTISH ONE,
AND BEHOLD THE
TWIN FACES OF
ALL-DESTRUCTING
TIME--"

"AND OF YOUR
INESCAPABLE
NEMESIS--!"

BY THE
DREAD
VIPERS OF
VALTORR!

THE FACE
OF THE
TIMEPIECE
ON WHICH I
STAND--IS
THE FACE OF
NEKRON!

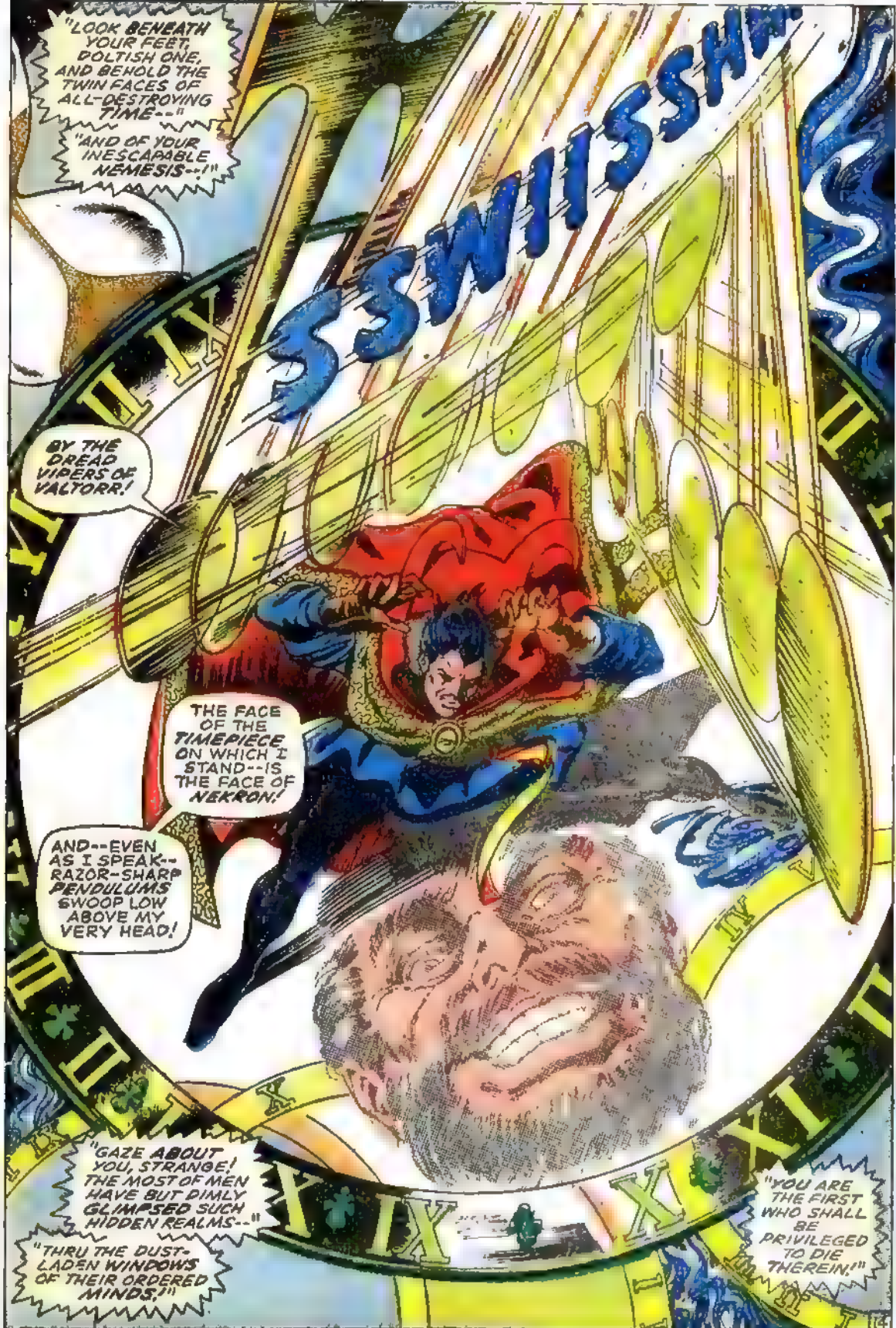
AND--EVEN
AS I SPEAK--
RAZOR-SHARP
PENDULUMS
SWOOP LOW
ABOVE MY
VERY HEAD!

"GAZE ABOUT
YOU, STRANGE!
THE MOST OF MEN
HAVE BUT DIMLY
GLIMPSED SUCH
HIDDEN REALMS--"

"THRU THE DUST-
LADEN WINDOWS
OF THEIR ORDERED
MINDS..."

"YOU ARE
THE FIRST
WHO SHALL
BE
PRIVILEGED
TO DIE
THEREIN!"

SSWIISSSHH



COUNT NOT YOUR TRIUMPHS SO HASTILY, NEKRON!

MAY THE VISHANTI GUIDE MY STEP!

EACH PENDULOUS BLADE BECOMES AN ARCING RAY--

LIKE SOME DIRE, DEADLY LASER!

DODGE, FOOL, WITH ALL YOUR PUNY SKILL!

YOUR DESPERATE DANCE CAN BUT END IN DEATH!

MOST OF MY FINAL HOUR OF MYSTIC SUPREMACY REMAINS TO ME--

MORE THAN ENOUGH TO ASSURE ME OF VICTORY...AND OF IMMORTAL LIFE AND FAME!

WHILE YOU BECOME FORE'ER THE BONDSMAN OF SATANNISH!

PERHAPS, FIENDISH ONE? AND YET...

THE LETHAL BLADES HAVE VANISHED--!

MAY IKONN'S SHIFTING SANDS NOW HEED MY UTTERED SPELL-- WHILE OSNTUR'S MIGHTY HANDS YON PENDULUMS DISPEL!

NO! THEY ARE MERELY TRANSFORMED!

--INTO A FIERY LIQUID!

THEN, SUDDENLY, BEFORE
EVEN THE BRIEFEST OF
INCANTATIONS CAN BE
SPOKEN--

THE LIQUID
CASCADES
UPON ME--
IN BLAZING
TORRENTS!

THE HEAT--
IT'S ALMOST
UNBEARABLE!

AND--THE
SUN DIAL
BENEATH
ME--

IT
COLLAPSES
--FROM THE
SHEER,
OPPRESSIVE
WEIGHT--!

THE FOLLOWING INSTANT,
BOTH DISC AND MORTAL
MYSTIC ARE LOST FROM
SIGHT--AS DR. STRANGE
FINDS HIMSELF PLUM-
METING THRU YET
ANOTHER FEAR-
SOME VOID....

MY FALL
IS
ARRESTED!

THOUGHT
THAT I... WAS
DOOMED!

YET, AM I
BETTER OFF
ALIVE...
HELPLESS IN
THE MERCILESS
GRIP OF
NEKRON?

WAS I WRONG?
HAVE I SOMEHOW
ESCAPED MY
FOE'S GRASP?

HARDLY,
MY HAPLESS
RIVAL!

I SIMPLY WISH YOU
TO KNOW THE MANY
FORMS THAT DEATH
MAY TAKE IN THIS
DIMENSION...

SO THAT YOU SHALL
PLEAD TO BE MY
SURROGATE WHEN
COMES MIGHTY
SATANNISH!

THAT HOUR
YOU SHALL
NEVER BEHOLD,
VILLAIN--

NAY, NOT THOUGH
YOU OUTLIVE THE
HOARY HOSTS OF
HOGGOTH
THEMSELVES!

IF ONLY I
CAN REACH
HIM...LAY
MY HANDS
UPON HIM....!

CRAWL,
STRANGE...GROVEL
BEFORE ME LIKE
THE OVERRATED
CHARLATAN
YOU TRULY
ARE!

YOU SHALL BUT
ENMESH YOURSELF
MORE SECURELY IN...
THE TENDRILS OF
TIME!

THEY
ENCIRCLE
ME--LIKE
THINGS
ALIVE!

AND, I RISKED
MY ALL...ON
THAT ONE
RASH SPELL....!

IF IT FAILS
ME...I AM
FOREVER
LOST!

BEG,
STRANGE--
BEG FOR
MERCY--

--AND
PERHAPS
I SHALL
LET YOU
LIVE
FOR A FEW
MORE
FUTILE
MOMENTS!

HOW
DESPERATELY
I NEED THOSE
FEW SECONDS!

BUT, I WON'T
SURRENDER TO
THAT POWER--
CRAZED MADMAN--
I WON'T!

THEN, MY
SOLE
HOPE IS--

**THE
AMULET
OF
AGAMOTTO!**

AN UNEARTHLY
LIGHT BLAZES
FROM THAT EYE--
BLINDING ME!

BUT, YOU
GAIN NOTHING
BY IT, FOOL--
NOTHING BUT
A MOMENTARY
REPRIEVE!

AND THERE IS
STILL MORE
THAN ENOUGH
TIME TO
HUMBLE Y--

WAIT!

EVEN AS I SPEAK
--SOME FORCE
BEYOND RECKONING
SEIZES ME...

WRENCHES ME
AWAY FROM MY
HELPLESS PREY--
LIKE A PIECE OF
LIFELESS
FLOTSAM!

YET, IT IS
NOT THE
ACCURSED
EYE WHICH
THUS GRASPS
ME!

WHAT
IS IT?
WHAT??

THEN, AS THE
SPELL-DRIVEN
TENDRILS FALL
AWAY,
RELEASING
THE FORM OF
DR. STRANGE...

IN THE
TWINKLING
OF AN EYE,
NEKRON,
YOU SHALL
HAVE YOUR
ANSWER!

BUT, IT
SHALL NOT
BE ONE
THAT YOU
WILL
RELISH!

IT IS
TIME,
MORTAL!

YOU WERE
GIVEN ONE
YEAR TO FIND
ANOTHER TO
SHOULDER
YOUR DOOM...
AND YOU
HAVE
FAILED!!

SATANNISH!!

NO! THE HOUR
THAT REMAINED TO
ME--CANNOT HAVE
ELAPSED SO
QUICKLY!

YOU ARE
MISTAKEN,
SUPREME ONE...
MISTAKEN!

YOU DARE
ACCUSE
SATANNISH
HIMSELF OF
MERE MORTAL
FALLIBILITY,
BRAZEN ONE?

FOR THAT,
YOUR PUNISH-
MENT SHALL
BE INCREASED
AN HUNDRED-
FOLD!

DON'T--
DON'T--!

HAVE
MERCY--
MERCY--!

THERE CAN BE NO
MERCY, HUMAN...
FOR ONE WHO HAS
LOST A WAGER
WITH THE
SUPREME ONE!

NOW COME--
INTO MY
VAPOROUS, VENOM-
DRIPPING VOID--
FOREVERMORE!!

NO--BY ALL
THAT'S UNHOLY--

NNOOOO!!

BUT, IN THE COSMOS
WHICH HE HIMSELF
CREATED, THERE IS
NONE TO HEED
NEKRON'S FADING
PLEA--THERE IS
NOT EVEN THE
TAUNTING MOCKERY
OF AN ECHO--!

AS FOR
YOU,
STEPHEN
STRANGE--

YOU SHALL
FIND THAT
OTHERS IN
YOUR WORLD
HAVE STRUCK
SUCH BLASPHEMOUS
BARGAINS WITH
SATANNISH!

RETURN FROM
WHENCE YOU
CAME--AND SEE
HOW LONG YOU
SURVIVE...!

EVERYTHING
ABOUT ME--
BECOMES
HAZY...!

AND NOW--IT
IS DISTINCT
ONCE MORE...
I'M BACK IN
THE CASTLE
NEKRON!

DR.
STRANGE...
WHAT
HAPPENED...?

I
REMEMBER
A TOAST...
AND THEN--
NOTHING...!

DO
NOT BE
ALARMED!

THERE
IS NO
DANGER...
NOW!

...AND, OUR
EVIL HOST
NEVER
SUSPECTED,
VICTORIA...

...THAT MY SINGLE
SPELL MADE TIME
GO FASTER...TILL
NEKRON'S LAST
ALLOTTED HOUR
HAD FLED!

NOR COULD
I HAVE DONE
SUCH A THING...
BUT IN A
WORLD OF
TIME GONE
MAD!

THEN,
NEKRON'S
SOLE
VICTORY
WAS OVER...
HIMSELF!

NOT
LONG AFTER--
WARD, WHEN VICTORIA--
IS SAFE IN HER BELOVED
LONDON...

THIS PSYCHIC
SPHERE WILL
CARRY ME
SWIFTLY HOME!

FARE THEE
WELL, TILL
WE MEET
ANEW!

FAREWELL...
DR. STRANGE...

AND,
MAY THAT
DAY
COME...
SOON!

NEXT:
**"THE SINISTER
SONS OF
SATANNISH!"**